An Evening Conversation between four very good old Ladies over a comfortable Game at *Quadrille*.

1ſt Lady. I HAVE had a melancholy Piece of News to Day in a Letter from my good Friend Mrs *Formal*: She tells me, that Mr *F*'s eldeſt Son is certainly turned *Methodiſt*.

2d Lady. Turned *Methodiſt*! Sure you don't ſay ſo. I'm certain, if it is true, it will be a great grief to his Parents, who are very worthy good Sort of People as ever lived.——Pray Ma'am did you play *Baſto?*

3d Lady. I aſk leave. *Hearts* and the King of *Diamonds*.

4th Lady. Indeed Mr and Mrs *F.* are both much to be pitied, for they have had a great many undeſerv'd Afflictions in their Family.——I think it is but lately that their eldeſt Daughter died of a violent Fever, and now their Son is turn'd *Methodiſt*.——*Spadille*.

1ſt Lady. I think Ma'am they have another Son who is in Orders.

2d Lady. Yes Ma'am they have ſo, it was his own Inclination to have gone into the Army, but there being a very good Living in the Family, his Father determined he ſhould be bred to the Church.

3d Lady. Pray Ma'am what is a *Methodiſt?*

4th Lady. Indeed Ma'am I don't know.——*Manille*.

1ſt Lady. O Lord Ma'am it is ſomething very bad. I have heard Mr *Cæcus*, the Sub-Dean, who you know generally makes a fourth at our private parties, preach two excellent Sermons againſt them at the Cathedral; In the one he told us that their doctrines tended to ſet aſide good Works, and to countenance all manner of Sin and Immorality; and in the other, he proved that they carried Matters a great deal too far, inculcated an unneceſſary Strictneſs and Preciſeneſs, and were ſo mighty over-Righteous, that they denied good Chriſtians the innocent Amuſements of Life.

All. O Shocking! Shocking!

2d Lady. Perhaps this ſtrange Turn that he has taken may be conſtitutional, and owing to ſome melancholy Diſorder that is in the Family; and I'm ſure if this is the caſe, there's no Madneſs ſo terrible, nor ſo hard to cure as religious Madneſs; and for my Part, I wiſh his Friends would conſult ſome able Phyſician, in Time, for I'm really very uneaſy about him, as I look upon *Enthuſiſm* to be———O fy Mrs *Patchup*, how could you be ſo cruel as to trump my King?

CUP 21
J-36/6

4th Lady. I ſhould be apt to think as you do Ma'am, but I have known the Family many Years, and never remember any thing of this Sort in any of them before; beſides, he was always very gay and lively till he got into this Way. Don't you remember (Mrs *Lurch'em)* how we admir'd his Dancing laſt Aſſizes?

1ſt Lady. O yes, Ma'am, very well, and at the Races too. 'Tis really ten Thouſand pities that he ſhould be ſo loſt to the World, for I ſuppoſe he'll now baniſh himſelf from all Society, except that of a few poor moping uncharitable *Craters*, that are more likely to encourage him in this unhappy Way, than to do him any good.—Lord have mercy, Mrs *Patchup*, will your Trumps never be all out!

2d Lady. I was afraid of a *Sans Prendre.*

3d Lady. Poor young Gentleman! 'Tis pity he ſhould be ſo miſtaken, for I really believe he means well. I think his Friends ſhould endeavour to force him into Company, or to get the Biſhop to ſpeak to him. *Ponto.*

1ſt Lady. Mrs *Formal* mentions in her Letter, that his Father got his good Friends Dr *Daub'em*, and Mr Arch-Deacon *Smooth-tongue*, to endeavour to Reaſon him out of his odd Notions, but all in vain. (—As I hope to be ſaved I had like to have revoked; I think you led *Clubs* Ma'am) Well! the Lord defend me from Extremes, I am for keeping the middle Way, and would have every Body good, without making themſelves Particular; but People now-a-days muſt be either Saints or Devils.

4th Lady. Pleaſe to cut, Mrs *Lurch'em.* 'Tis I to deal. Pray, Ladies, were you at Prayers this Morning?

All. O yes Ma'am.

2d Lady. Did you take Notice of that ridiculous Figure, Lady *W.* in her old turned Damaſk, mended under both Arms? She ſat in the next Pew but one to me.

3d Lady. That I did indeed; and it is ſuch a naſty, flimſy, greaſy Dab, that nobody would pick it off the Street. I believe ſhe has had it above theſe dozen Years, and to my certain Knowledge it has been both cleaned and dyed.

4th Lady. Her Maid told my Maid that ſhe never left off a Rag, ſo long as it wou'd hang on her Back.

2d Lady. I looked her full in the Face when I turned towards the Altar

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Altar to ſay the Belief, but ſhe refuſed to make me a Curt'ſey. I fancy ſhe was in a very ſour Humour, becauſe Mrs *M.* did not let her paſs by her to the Upper End of the Pew. You know ſhe's a very proud Woman.

4th Lady. And ſo was her Mother before her.

3d Lady. I think Ma'am, that you and ſhe are not upon viſiting Terms.

2d Lady. No Ma'am never ſince that little Tiff we had at Cards laſt Winter. I'm ſure ſhe behaved monſtrouſly Rude to me, and ſo I'd have her to know that I ſhall never be ſo mean as to ſtoop firſt.

4th Lady. I think Ma'am you are quite Right to ſhew a proper Spirit upon the Occaſion. ——*Trump about.*

1ſt Lady. For my Part, I make it a Rule never to miſs Church *Wedneſdays*, *Fridays*, and *Saints Days*, and did not touch a Card all Paſſion Week; and if Lady *Gadwell* had not come to Town, I queſtion whether I ſhould have play'd all *Lent*; however, I gave all my Winnings to the Poor.——O good God, I ſhall certainly be *beaſted.*

2d Lady. Tho' Lady *Gadwell* is an intimate Friend of mine, and I wou'd not ſay ſo before every Body, yet I'm afraid ſhe is one of thoſe who have their Religion to chuſe, for ſhe makes no Scruple of eating Breakfaſt on a Communion Morning, and wou'd fain have had me play at Cards on *Eaſter Eve*; a thing which I thank God I never did in all my Life; but I had a very good excuſe, being engaged to drink Tea with Mrs *Tattle*, and old Lady *Scandal*, who you know wou'd neither of them Play the Night before the Sacrament for all the World. So our Party was put off till the *Monday*, when we played ſix *Pools.*

3d Lady. Indeed, what between one Thing and what between another, I was a good deal hurried myſelf during Lady *Gadwell*'s ſtay, and wiſh ſhe had come at ſome other time; but I bleſs my Stars I always found Leiſure to read over the Pſalms and Leſſons when I did not go to Church, and tho' I was unavoidably engaged *Monday*, *Tueſday*, *Wedneſday*, and *Thurſday*, I went thro' the whole Week's Preparation on the *Friday* and *Saturday.*——*Spadille.*

4th Lady. I'm ſure Ma'am that's more than could poſſibly have been expected, conſidering you had ſuch a particular Friend in Town.——*Mattadores.*

Pray,

1ſt Lady. Pray, Mrs *Allprop*, where did you buy the Salt Fiſh you had on *Friday*, it was exceeding good? I'm ſure I eat ſo prodigiouſly, that I was obliged to take a little Surfeit Water before I went to bed.

4th Lady. I'm very glad you lik'd it Ma'am. I bought it at the Corner of the Street, and had beſpoke ſome for laſt *Wedneſday*, but the Man diſappointed me, ſo I was obliged to give two Shillings a Pound for Salmon, for Mrs *Patchup* and Mrs *Bolſterup* both know that I never eat any Fleſh Meat, *Wedneſdays* and *Fridays* in *Lent*. *Baſto.*

3d Lady. I remember dining with you, Mrs *Allprop*, on King *Charles*'s Martyrdom, after we had been twice at Church, and I thought your Cook made the beſt Fiſh Sauce I ever taſted.

2d Lady. For my Part, tho' I am as much for a prudent Compliance with the World as any Body, yet I wonder how People can be eaſy whilſt they lead ſuch bad lives as they do. The World ſurely was never more wicked: They actually ſay that Mrs——and Capt. *D.* are much more intimate than they ought to be, and you may depend upon it for Truth, for it was told me by a Lady, who had it from another Lady, to whom it was communicated by another Lady of undoubted Authority, as a moſt profound ſecret; ſo pray Ladies, let it go no further for the World.

All. O no Ma'am, no to be ſure.

1ſt Lady. And good Mrs *Formal*, in the ſame Letter that ſhe relates the unhappy Account of poor Mr *F*'s being turned *Methodiſt*, ſends me Word, that Lady *G.* made herſelf ſo Particular at the laſt *Soho* in flirting with Lord *B.* that they are the Town's talk; and that Miſs *P.* has certainly lain in privately, and that Sir *Francis*——is grown immenſely jealous of his Wife; but I hate Scandal, and therefore only mention this among Friends.

3d Lady. Ladies, the *Pool* is out, and my Coach waits, ſhall I have the Pleaſure of your Company to-morrow Evening after St *Ann*'s Prayers are over?

1ſt Lady. I fancy Ma'am we ſhall none of us chooſe to miſs Prayers, and as we ſhall meet at Church we can then ſettle our Engagements for the Week.

Exeunt Omnes.

THE END.

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